## The Story of a Nameless Hero's Sacrifice and of a Love That Would Not Be Sacrifised

## GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN (A Complete Novel Each Week in ) The Evening World

PSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

a foundling, has been reared and edupt, and Mr. Merton of Berisy Falls; a love as though they were his own intrinsically the peared.

An old man—Blackie Lunn—sidled over to Varge.

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"You'll let me in on it, won't you?"

Blackie pleaded feverishly. "You'll get an old man in on it, won't you?"

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CHAPTER IX.

A Proposal.

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DON'T know just how to explain it," she said, smiling a little wistfully. "It should be the happiest time in the year, shouldn't fif Everything is so fresh and new and clean; it's like the beginning of life all over again—old life making a fresh start with the scars and smirches all wiped out, and new life budding into being. It should be the gladdest time of all the year, but somehow, sometimes, like to-day, it—it is to for me."

"Ball I ell you why?" said Merten quickly, snatching at a lead that seemed opportunely opened for him. It's that"—he polone for him. It's that"—he polone for him. It's that"—he polone for him. It's that "he polone for him. It's that"—he polone for him. It's that "he polone for

oran Company.) open doorway of the stockroom CHAPTERS. through which Wenger had disap-rated and edu. peared. peared. An old man—Blackie Lunn—sidled

him I have. I have got sand. Oh, let me in on it—it's killing me in here—I got to get out or I'll die. I know what's going on. The tunnel's done and they're at the brick now



his mighty strength huried away now one, now two, of the murderous wolfpack. Again and again, he freed the guard and himself, and swept clear now as he finished with the last one the space before the door. Again and again, his massive shoulders heaved and threw them back, and as his arms worked in and out, in and out, like smooth well-oiled steel piston-rods, men went down before the fear-rods, men went down before the fear-should not escape as the hope of freedom ahead, they still cause on.

The minutes passed. Twisty Construction of the Butcher, a chisel in his upilifed hand, a sprang for Wenger. Varge stumbled and the state of the superbola of the form of the Butcher, a chisel in his upilifed hand, as prang for Wenger. Varge stumbled a cheep of the sprang for Wenger and taken him, and to white head to be except the form of the sprang for wenger

see year. I will give you everythine grow hought had you should have straint, came racing and daught he was straint, came racing and daught he was straint, came racing and daught he was straint, came racing the plant of the pl

The state of the house, where many loves, it was a state of a state of the house, where many loves, it was a state of the house, where many loves, it was a state of the house, where many loves, it was a state of the house, the house of the house, the house

By Frank L. Packard

The Evening World

Delt trying to axe Wasser's file as a wound, in fact, believe it to be test when the share weight of the same with the same

Next Week's Complete Novel in The Evening World

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